

Beware of the Deadly Soda Glass, Says Microbe Expert

Sanitarians who with relentless energy seek the hiding places of disease germs have recently discovered a new source of probable infection in the common drinking cup in public places, and have issued regulations for its abolition, says the New York Sun. That there is nothing new under the sun is again demonstrated by the historical fact that in the fourteenth century the Church found itself compelled to abolish the communion cup because cases of plague had been clearly traced to it.

The first scientific discovery and explanation of the transmission of disease by the rims of drinking vessels was published in the transactions of the pathological Society of Rochester, N. Y., for 1894, before which Dr. Forbes presented microscopic evidence of the conveyance of diphtheria to twenty-four families from the cup. Tubercle bacilli have also been found in the dregs of a communion cup. Two years ago the laboratory of the Chicago Health Department cultivated germs of pneumonia, diphtheria and pus from the fluid adhering to the rims of cups that had been used in railway stations, schools and department stores. These and many other observations moved General Rupert Blue of the United States Public Health

Service to issue an order for the abolition of the common drinking cup in interstate railway coaches.

And now comes a warning from the same alert guardian of the national health against the probable danger of tuberculosis from the glasses used at soda water fountains, around which persons of all ages and conditions gather in large numbers all over the country. It requires but a superficial observation to discover the perfunctory manner of cleansing soda water glasses upon the rims of which lingering lips afford ample opportunity for depositing tubercle and other bacilli. Drinking through straws does not diminish but rather increases the danger by reason of deposit of the fluid from their distal ends after its having passed through the mouth.

It may be noticed that it is the practice at most soda water fountains to rinse each glass in standing water which is not changed until its unclean appearance demands it. To prevent infection from this fascinating habit of the American people, the sanitary authorities should issue stringent regulations for cleansing soda water glasses with soap and hot water, followed by forcible rinsing under a running stream of water, as is done in restaurants and hotels.

LAYING THE CLOTH.

Table Covers at One Time Were Arranged in Puffs and Folds.

In the twelfth century tablecloths were very large and were always laid on the table double. For a long time they were called "doubliers" for that reason. The cloth was first placed so as to touch the floor on the side at which the guests sat; then all that remained was folded so that it just covered the table.

Charles V. had sixty-seven tablecloths, which were from fifteen to twenty yards long and two yards wide. He had one cloth thirty-two yards long, which had the arms of France embroidered on it in silk. All these were fringed.

In the sixteenth century "doubliers" were replaced by two tablecloths, one of which was small and was laid just as we lay ours today. The other, which was put on over it, was large and of beautifully figured linen. It was skillfully folded in such a way that, as one chronicler tells it, "it resembled a winding river, gently ruffled by a little breeze, for among very many little folds were here and there great bubbles."

It must have required much art and care to make dishes, plates, saltcellars, sauce dishes and glasses stand steadily in the midst of this undulating sea and among those "bubbles" and puffy folds. However, the fashion had only a short existence, and toward the latter part of the century a single cloth laid flat and touching the floor on all sides of the table came into general use.

LOST IN A GLACIER.

Fate of a Prospector Who Slipped Into a Crevasse in Alaska.

"In the winter of 1898-9," said Robert C. Losey, "I was one of a party of prospectors in Alaska. We were crossing the Rampart mountains, in central Alaska, on the way to Quail creek, from which locality had come reports of a great gold find. A member of another party near us, in going over the mountains, had broken through a crust of sand and gone down into the crevasse of a glacier.

"He had gone down a distance of thirty-eight or forty feet, where he had lodged. We could not see him, but we heard him and we talked with him. We tried to reach him with a rope and finally tied a pick to the end of the rope, hoping to bring him out. He asked us to quit pulling on the rope; that we were making his position worse. He finally pleaded with us, his voice growing fainter and fainter, to go away and leave him.

"He evidently was freezing, not, as we have heard, a painful death, and he did not want to be bothered. He gave us his name; said he was fifty-four years old and told us to notify his folks at some town in Missouri. We stayed there until we could hear his voice no longer.

"He certainly made a record of being the coolest man, and then he froze to death."—Indianapolis News.

Turning the Tables.

"Turning the tables" in the sense of bringing a countercharge against an accuser has a classic origin. In the days of Augustus Imperator a regular craze seized the men of Rome to compete with one another for the possession of the costliest specimens of a certain description of table made for the most part of Mauritanian wood inlaid with ivory—"mensarum insana," or table-mania, as Pliny called it. They were sold at most extravagant prices. When the men accused the ladies of sumptuary extravagance the latter naturally retorted by reference to the money squandered by their lords on these tables and so "turned the tables on them" by throwing them metaphorically in their teeth.

BEAUTIFUL NOSES.

They Are Very Rare, it Seems, and Deserve Honorable Mention.

Lovely eyes you will find a-plenty, and, though finely cut mouths are scarcer, it will be a strange day when you do not see several. But the discovery of a really beautiful nose is an event of a lifetime. I myself have found exactly seven. And yet I consider myself catholic in my taste for noses. I can enjoy a nose for its mere expressiveness, whether it is aggressive or aristocratic or humorous.

But it is amazing how seldom this feature really satisfies the eye. The bridge may be too thick or too high, the line from the forehead too abrupt or too severely straight. More often a nose that is really promising in its beginning fails in the end. It keeps on too long or not long enough, while the tip finds a dozen ways to err, and a fine nostril is rarely seen. In our typical American faces overcrowded with features as our houses are with furniture, the nose is commonly disproportionately large.

But your really beautiful nose is a delight in every way. It is as far from sharpness as from coarseness. It shows strength without obtrusiveness, delicacy without fastidiousness, breeding without arrogance. It suggests humor, spirit and daring. But I tell you candidly that there are not more than 100 such in the 4,000,000 noses of New York. You are lucky when one happens to come your way.—Atlantic Monthly.

On Prisoners of War.

With reference to the modern treatment of prisoners of war, it is interesting to recall the views which R. L. Stevenson in his novel, "St. Ives," puts into the mouth of a French prisoner of war in Edinburgh castle, which was turned into a military prison in the time of Napoleon. He says: "There is a horrible practice in England to trick out in ridiculous uniform and, as it were, to brand in mass, not only convicts, but military prisoners and even the children in charity schools. I think some malignant genius had found his masterpiece of irony in the dress which we were condemned to wear—jacket, waistcoat and trousers of a sublimely mustard yellow and a shirt of blue and white stripe cotton."—London Standard

A Domestic Tilt.

"Why do you persist in propping your feet up on the veranda railing?" asked Mrs. Cobbles.

"I suggest it's just my contrary nature," answered Mr. Cobbles. "The veranda railing is one thing you have never been able to put where I can't find it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Shade of Doubt.

"What do you think of my graduation essay?" asked the young man. "Fine!" replied his father. "Only I'm afraid a lot of people are going to be bashful about offering plain waves to a man whose intellect is so much above the average."—Washington Star.

For Nature Students.

The young author, reading a fake animal story to the attentive editor, said: "Whereupon the woodchuck laughed softly to himself."

"Ah," remarked the editor, "I suppose he indulged in a woodchuckle!"—Chicago News.

Youth comes but once in a lifetime; therefore let us so enjoy it as to be still young men we are old.—Longfellow.

OYSTERS ARE NOW DRINKING HEAVILY.

Whole Blue Point Family Grows Stout as a Result of Return to Old Habits.

Sayville, I. I.—The Blue Point oyster, whose whole family, addicted to drinking and unable to get anything to drink, grew small and feeble last season, is reported to be fat and in splendid fettle right now by oystermen and others who get a precarious living from the deep in this neighborhood.

Those who know the oysters well enough to approach them in their beds declare that they are rapidly losing their shape and becoming stout to the point of clumsiness as a result of the heavy rainfall of the last few days. The fresh water freshens up the salt water of the oyster beds and Loughor generally, and the oysters themselves, surrounded by something fit to drink, revert to their old ways and wax fat and tempting.

It is predicted that when the general shipping season begins, on August 15, the Blue Point family will rise to the occasion and make up for the loss in prestige which followed the dry season of last year.

Vest-Pocket Jags Coming Is Prediction

Will vest-pocket jags be sent through-out prohibition territory as the most convenient form of evading State laws?

Will the congealed tablet form of drinking follow the natural stimulant as being "cheaper, safer and almost as good" if there is ever established a prohibition territory where prohibition legislation really prohibits?

Here is a news dispatch under London date line that has just appeared in American newspapers:

Look to America.

American inventors face a new opportunity to pluck laurels from the fields of war. It started with the desire of English women to contribute to the comfort of their soldiers in the trenches during the hot months.

Someone suggested that instead of sending sweets, it would help if Tommy were supplied with cooling drinks. An enterprising firm promptly came upon the market with lemonade tablets and other cool drinks in tablet form, needing only to be dropped into a glass of water. They were a success, and the men at the front are being provided with pill boxes full.

Mint Julips By the Box.

Now the British are looking to American ingenuity to provide them with a still greater improvement on the tablet idea, whereby it will be possible to buy a box of mint julips in tablet form or to carry six or seven assorted jags in the vest pocket. In the future, it is hoped, the question, "Scotch or rye?" may be answered by the production of a box from the right or left pocket.

A Remarkable Suicide.

One of the most remarkable cases of suicide was that of the king of Falala, on the west coast of Africa.

The king was attacked by a Mohammedan force, and, finding resistance impossible, he assembled his family and principal officers and after addressing them and intimating his determination never to accept Mohammedanism and inviting those who did not agree with him to go away, he applied a light to a large quantity of gunpowder collected for the purpose and blew into atoms the palace and all who were in it.

Vanity.

"That man says he wants his picture to look perfectly natural," said the photographer's assistant.

"Make it as handsome as possible," replied the proprietor.

"But he insists that he doesn't want the picture to flatter him."

"He won't think it flatters him. He'll think that at last somebody has managed to catch the way he really looks."—Chicago News.

Girl With a Conscience.

Two little girls walking through a field were afraid of a cow. Said one of them, "Let's go right on and act as if we were not afraid at all." "But wouldn't that be deceiving the cow?" the other little girl expostulated.—Christian Herald.

Rubbing It In.

Proud Dad—I suppose in the course of time baby will be married, even as we were. Mama—Yes, I suppose she'll throw herself away on some man.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Point.

"A joke's a joke, but did you ever make anybody laugh by pulling a chair from under him?" "At least it upsets his gravity."—Baltimore American.

Why Not Make Free Trip to Frisco Fair

The Labor Advocate has decided to give its friends the opportunity to make some of the most pleasurable trips to be taken in this country, and at no expense to themselves.

Would you like to make the trip to the American Federation of Labor meeting in San Francisco next fall?

Would you like to go to the meeting of the Ohio State Federation at Mansfield, Ohio?

The trip to San Francisco will be made at the time when the great Panama Exposition is in full swing; at the time when all the nations of the world will have their exhibits fully completed, and when the crowds will be at their largest and the city of the Golden Gate in its most gala attire.

The opportunity seldom has been offered to the person of moderate means to take such trip without cost to himself. This trip means a liberal education; it means that you may see all the wonders of modern times, meet and mingle with the peoples of all countries; see the greatest works of art; the most wonderful buildings and electrical effects ever shown; the Chicago and the St. Louis Fairs were as the first steamboat that ran up the Hudson as compared with the present-day trans-Atlantic ocean greyhounds when viewed with what San Francisco will offer to the world this year.

The trip to Mansfield, O., while of lesser importance, also has manifold advantages. Mansfield is a modern little

city, nestling in one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. A week there will give you an outing, free from the smoke and grime of a great city, a chance to "get back to the country" and see the likeness of the old-home town.

Do you want to take one of these trips?

This is how you can do it without cost to yourself:

Popularity Contest.

The one obtaining the greatest number of votes will receive a railroad ticket over any line he may choose, sleeping car fare and \$50 in cash to pay his incidental expenses.

The one receiving the second highest number of votes will receive his railroad fare to and from Mansfield, O., and \$35 in cash.

To the person receiving the third highest number of votes will be given the same railroad facilities and \$25 in cash.

To the contestant getting the fourth highest number of ballots there will be given the same railroad facilities and \$15 in cash.

Does this sound good to you?

Then this is the way to obtain for yourself or your friends these coveted privileges:

Come to Room 34, Thoms Building, Main and Fifth streets, and the details will be explained. It will not cost you a cent to inquire, and it may mean one of the most profitable and pleasurable events of your life.

Figure It Out.

A beggar boy asked an old gentleman in the street for sixpence. "What will you do with it if I give you one?" asked the old gentleman.

"Turn it into ninepence quick," replied the boy.

"How?"

"Give me the sixpence and I'll soon show you."

The boy got the money, darted off to a baker's shop and bought a three penny loaf, with which he returned to the old gentleman and handed him back 3 pennies.

"How's this? You said you would make the sixpence into ninepence."

"So I have. The baker's got threepence, you've got threepence, and I've got a three penny loaf. That's ninepence."—Peason's Weekly.

An Interesting Talk.

In the days of Henry Clay, a Kentucky farmer sent a servant to Lexington with a note for the president of a certain bank. When the man returned he said to his master:

"I met Marse Henry Clay in the bank and had a conversation with him."

"Indeed! And on what topic did you and Mr. Clay converse?" inquired the master with interest.

"The darky removed his hat and made a sweeping bow. * * * Says Mr. Clay to me. * * * And another very low bow. And I the same to Mr. Clay."—Everybody's.

Mr. Wise Guy.

Mr. Wise Guy sat beside the road watching his chauffeur doctor a puncture. Presently a farmer, leading a youthful calf, passed.

"Where'd you get the calf, Rube?"

Mr. Wise Guy inquired impudently.

"Set a hen on a bottle o' milk," was the reply.

And Mr. Wise Guy was mean enough to threaten to fire the chauffeur for laughing.—Indianapolis News.

Where it Would Be Eliminated.

"Well, Aunt Dinah," asked the cook's young mistress, "are you going to have the word 'obey' eliminated from the marriage ceremony?"

"No, chile, I ain't," said Aunt Dinah. "but I sho' am gwinter hab it done 'limited from de matrimony."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Alarm Clock Cure.

A writer in the Farm and Fireside declares that the surest cure for broody hens is an alarm clock. He says:

"Some years ago I was endeavoring to break up a sitting hen, but my efforts were in vain. Old Yaller continued to sit. Finally I took a small alarm clock and set it so it would go off in a few minutes. I placed it in one corner of her nest and watched. It went off. And so did Old Yaller. She left the nest and stood dazed for one horrified instant, and then, with one shrill squawk, she ran out of the hen-house and flew over the park fence and began to hunt for bugs in the grass.

"She not only stopped sitting, but she stopped clucking, and in a short time began to lay. I have since tried this method on more than 100 broody hens with complete success."